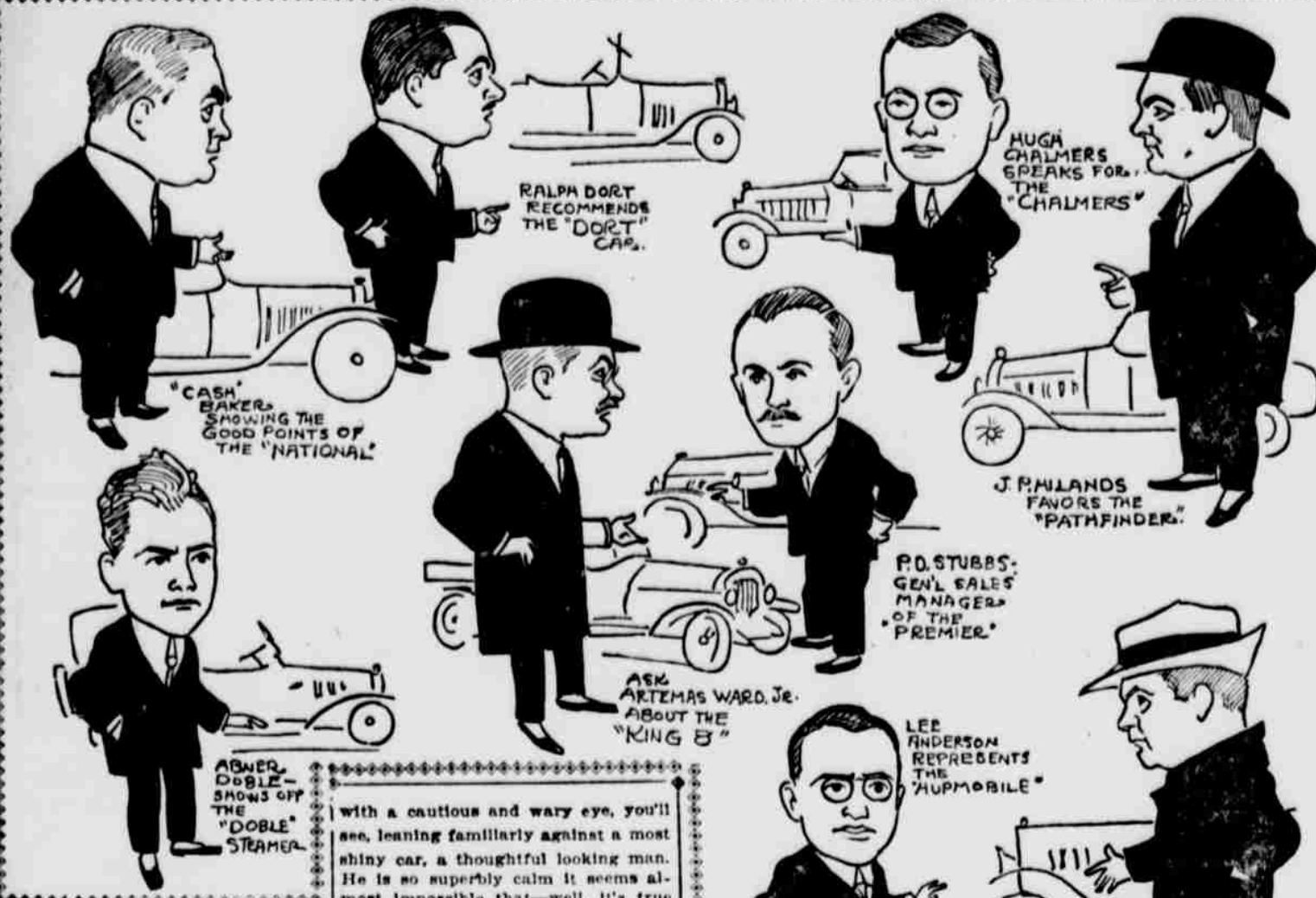


Men Who Make Wheels Go Round in Auto Industry Caught in Action at the Grand Central Palace Show



MEN AND NOT CARS ARE REAL FEATURE OF BIG AUTO SHOW

If You Don't Believe It Just Look Over the Aggregation of Stars.

If, when you go to the Automobile Show at the Grand Central Palace, you approach the Overland section

GIRLS! TRY IT! HAVE THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Every particle of dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Dandrine" hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandrine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandrine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandrine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it.

Save your hair! Beautify it! You will say this was the best 25 cents you ever spent.—Adv.

Is the "pace" telling?

ONE of the best moves to conserve energy and keep nerves steady is to quit coffee and start

INSTANT POSTUM

This delicious cereal drink is wholesome and satisfying.

"There's a Reason"



with a cautious and wary eye, you'll see, leaning familiarly against a most shiny car, a thoughtful looking man. He is so superbly calm it seems almost impossible that—well, it's true just the same. But, first of all, it's John N. Willys. And, second, he's a regular cowboy. No? Just ask anybody in Toledo. Yep, cowboy, red shirt, bandanna, chaps, six-shooter and all, even to the "Whoop-pee!" The Texas and Montana salesmen of the Overland car know all about it.

You see, it was this way. Willys had a convention of his agents in Toledo last month and more than 10,000 of them came to see "the boss." He knew that a lot of them were coming from Montana and Texas, and just to make the boys feel at home Willys determined to meet them all rigged up in clothes they'd appreciate. So he got a complete cowboy outfit and when the Montana crowd arrived at his office in the new administration building he was ready for it. But they paid him back. They had heard all about his plans and they were in "punchers' clothes, too, and when the greetings were at their height one of the visitors pulled a gun and fired a shot at the floor, pretty darn near Willys' feet. If there had been a bullet in the revolver.

THEY SAID DANCE AND WILLYS DANCED, TOO.

"Dance, you tenderfoot!" was the command that came with the shot, and it was not only the signal for a dozen other revolvers to come from their holsters and set up a deafening rattle but also for John Willys to lift his hands and do a most dextrous piece of footwork. When the agents were tired and their guns empty "the boss" was allowed to get his breath. Then they gave him a pet coyote (Gee, did you ever try to pet a coyote?) for sweet remembrance sake and went off to the convention. Willys said "thanks" and gave the creature to the Toledo zoo.

But the Texas delegation, numbering more than 1,200, "shot up" the town as soon as they detoured a few blocks from the factory. The good people of the town thought it was a Mexican raid and went into their cellars, so it is said. But Willys, all rigged up in his cowboy clothes, was there with the return fire, which surprised the Texans as much as did his rattlesnake vest. (There aren't any rattlesnakes in Texas.) And as a token of this busy day the Texans gave Willys a chair made of steers' horns (There's a velvet covered dilemma to sit on, all right) embellished with a gold plate and all that. On it was a great day for the studious looking Mr. Willys.

Passing around to the right, still with wary eye, you will be attracted to the Apollo Belvidere of the show, E. C. Morris, of the Chalmers organization.

Want to know how he keeps that figure? Well, it's by a system of callisthenics he practices every morning at his open window at the Biltmore Hotel. What? Oh, yes, the room's very high up, quite secluded. He got the system in London, he says. Part of it is raising the arms and legs, and perhaps another part is dropping the hips. He says it gives him control, health, courage and patience, and adds that these four words are his creed.

HE NEEDED ALL THE CREED, TOO, ON THAT CENTURY.

He will tell you, too, that he has had a lot of times when a long time ago when he started out on a century run on a bicycle with K. P. Drysdale, the advertising manager of the Cadillac company. They rode from Indianapolis to Crawfordville and Morris says he never believed they'd get back. They died from the waist down forty miles from home. But they got the creed working for their feet and made it.

Speaking of Mr. Drysdale, if you want to hear a story ask him to tell you one. He'll tell one, or die in the attempt. It will be about a China man who was a witness in a murder trial who chattered ten minutes to an interpreter, after which the interpreter most solemnly said to the court, "He says no." The reason he'll tell this story is because he's looking for a new car into which to pour it.

He's already told it to every automobile man on the North American continent—they know it by heart. Now they're beginning to think that perhaps he'll tell it backward because, upon the oath of one of them, Drysdale has been experimenting with running his talking machine records backward to see what sort of language it makes. (Is Professor Garner in the house?) If you don't care for the story or the backward language, perhaps you'll like to know that Drysdale is an indefatigable church-goer. One well known automobile man said that every Sunday he goes to a different church to hear a new preacher. And such time as he has getting his colleagues to go with him. You see they're afraid he'll suddenly switch and decide to tell the Chinaman story.

WAS A "SOB SISTER" BEFORE HE GOT AUTO HABIT.

There are a number of men high in the automobile world who came from the newspaper office. One of them is Lee Anderson, sales manager of the Hupmobile organization. He's all full of figures and dry-as-dust statistics, but he's a practical fellow in the automobile business, and yet, just think, once upon a time he was chief "sob sister" on the Detroit News. He wrote all the harrowing things about the poor man who had lost his legs and one arm and wanted enough sympathy to enable him to buy a wheeling chair so he could sell pencils.

He says himself that one of his hobbies was a Sunday story proving incontrovertibly that lack of care of the teeth was playing the very devil with the birth rate. And how he could sob over a divorce suit! He had all the poor working girls in Detroit hanging on his words when a brute of a man strangled a beautiful seamstress with her very own sewing machine in order to get the papers under the heartthrob which proved her to be the daughter of the Earl of Michigan or something. He used to do sports in between times, just to break the monotony. And, do you know, you'd never believe from the real rough language he used then, that he was the same nice fellow who had described just the day before how the little girl with the bare feet stood in the snow at the stage door and waited for father, who was inside crowding \$20 worth of American Beauties on the blonde one, the fourth one from the end.

And Homer McKicken, advertising manager of the Premier car. He's another one of them. He used to be a cartoonist on the Indianapolis Star, one of these regular fellows who made the guilty squirm or shed a halo about the goodly just as easy as that.

Among several distinctions in the field of motordom Mr. McKicken is recognized as the father of the tortoise

shell glass fad among the brotherhood. He first appeared with the big round chokers at the Chicago show six years ago. They thought at first he was joshing them with a new lamp lens with a four-in-hand cravat attached, and it took him almost a year to prove that they were real eyeglasses and a guard ribbon. Anderson wears the big fellows himself. He caught it from McKicken, he says.

Perhaps the best dressed man attending the show this year is "Genial Joe" Ollier, Vice President of the Studebaker Company. He has every thing in Detroit hatched to the most asking "Where am I?" in cravats and waistcoats Mr. Ollier is peerless. He's a fond of colors he has a nice green limousine, which he wears with yellow gloves and a uniform chauffeur. And does he ever move anywhere without his stick? He does not. It's like Joe Cannon's cigar. And he never gets tired riding in his green car. Across Piquette Avenue from the Studebaker factory is the lunch department patronized by officials of the company. Does he walk over there at noontime? He does not. He calls the car, puts on the gloves, gets in and rides the fifty feet in state. Well, it keeps the sun from fading the cravat.

Amner Dobie, head of the Dobie company which makes the steam car, says he can start his car at one corner, run it at seventy-two miles an hour and stop it, all in a single block. And then are two men who believe him. One of them is Lee Anderson, because he was there. The other man says he doesn't feel all there yet. Dobie took them out on the Grand Boulevard in Detroit one day to demonstrate what his steam car could do. Anderson got in the seat with him. The nameless man was in the rear seat. According to Anderson, the start was made, and just as they were getting to seventy miles an hour a traffic policeman held up his hand and Dobie stopped her. His assistant shot Mr. Nameless over the dashboard, and Anderson lost his hat and his dignity in one upward leap. And all that Dobie said, as the air got thin enough for them to breathe, was "There, isn't it wonderful? See how I stopped her?" Anderson said he didn't see anything for four or five minutes. He still thinks Dobie might have helped him find his hat.

DON'T BLAME STUBBS FOR BEING PREOCCUPIED. P. D. Stubbs of the Premier car

"TIZ" FOR TIRED AND SORE FEET

Use "Tiz" for puffed-up, burning, aching, calloused feet and corns.

"Happy Happy Use 'Tiz'"



Why go limping around with aching, puffed-up feet—feet so tired, chafed, sore and swollen you can hardly get your shoes on or off? Why don't you get a 25-cent box of "Tiz" from the drug store now and gladden your tortured feet?

"Tiz" makes your feet good with comfort; takes down swellings and draws the soreness and misery right out of feet that chafe, smart and burn. "Tiz" instantly stops pain in corns, callouses and bunions. "Tiz" is glorious for tired, aching, sore feet. No more shoe tightness—no more foot troubles.—Adv.

may seem to onlookers to have a far-away look in his eye. He's thinking of his new baby, they say, and wondering how soon the show will end and let him get home to it. It's only a month old and he's as proud of it as any one can be. He comes of an English family well known on the other side, and already he's lost a brother in the war. He was wounded somewhere in France and taken home, where he died.

The only true New Yorker who's at the head of a Detroit motor company is Artemas Ward Jr., President of the King corporation. You remember Artemas when he was Assemblyman from the Twenty-fifth District. He was a lawyer and deep in politics until one day his father acquired the King organization and sent him "out West" to take charge of it.

He says he thought people used to be eternally after him when he was in politics, but it was nothing to the way they get after him now. But it's because he's death on details and wants to know everything that's going on in the business. He rather prefers they should be after him, because it makes him stop out. Mr. Ward has a artistic eye, and if you don't believe, just take a look at the new King radiator. You'll see the King shield outlined in silver as the frame for the radiator. That's Ward's own touch; he admits it. He says it shows you when a King's coming.

If you live in Detroit you'll know it, and if you ever go there you'll see the information that when you hear the horn on the car of Walter E. Flanders, head of the Maxwell establishment, it means something coming which would make a scared rabbit look as if it was fast to the road. This is a cross-my-heart statement by one of his friends who has seen Mr. Flanders in action. He goes so fast between his home, a new big estate near Detroit in Oakland County, which is like our Westchester County in its fashionable atmosphere, that he has hardly closed the immovable door at his step before the chauffeur is putting on brakes so he won't run over the factory.

When Mr. Flanders completed his estate, which has big apartments and chicken suites that made the country-folk open their eyes and their mouths,

he gave a big dance in his Louis XVI. barge. He invited all the farmers from the neighborhood and then his city friends came out all clad in their full dress evening suits and almost put the party on the Fritz—that is, almost made it a formal function instead of a get-together something-or-other. However, a pleasant time was had by all even if some of the country folk did go off hobnobbing with the waiters by mistake.

If anybody asks W. E. Stalnaker, Vice President of the Pathfinder Company, what he's most interested in—next to his car—he'll say his son John, aged nine and coming fast. The other day the head of the family came out of the house in Indianapolis on his way to the factory. Suddenly on the doorstep appeared the Governor General—Mrs. Stalnaker—who informed him in as pleasant tones as the event required, that he had failed to leave a little legal tender with her for the moment's needs. John, playing out front, heard the demand and, according to St. Clair Cousins, Mr. Stalnaker's assistant, immediately exclaimed, "Well, what the?" But just here Mr. Stalnaker invariably interrupts the narrative.

"No, not on your life," he says. "My boy only exclaimed: 'Well, what do you know about that? The Vice President of the company leaving us without a cent!'"

And in retaliation, Stalnaker says that when Cousins first worked for the company, a man coming to buy a car asked Cousins if the machine was fitted with a thermostat.

"Cousins, who'd never even heard the word before," he said, "looked under the rear seat and replied: 'Well, we had one here but I think it was used up the last time the car was dusted.' Wait a moment and I'll see that you get a new one in a nice leather case."

One of the best things George W. Garland Jr., of the Yale company does is wear his Deputy Sheriff's badge of Kings County. He lists a bit to port when he has it on, but he bears up pretty well. It enables him to make pretty good time, too, on the roads out of Brooklyn. Oh, yes, he's a champion swimmer, too. Somebody said he used to paddle over the Sound and back every morning before breakfast last year.

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The WATERS AUTOLA Player-Piano is a perfect instrument. We have made it our study for seventy years to present to the public the best values to be had in pianos. We believe there is no other player-piano that combines the superb tone quality, the durability and the superior mechanical arrangement of the WATERS AUTOLA player-piano.

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Separate Skirts	Blouses	Accessories

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